THE

Poetical Magazine,

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July, 1809.

——————poetica surgit
Tempestas.—————— JUVENAL.

"The poetic Storm arises."

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[*Continued from p.* 67.]

By the road-side, within the wood,
In this sad state poor Syntax stood;
His bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
And tears flow'd fast from either eye.
What could he do?—he durst not bawl;
The noise the robbers might recall:
The villains might again surround him,
And hang him up where they had bound him.
Sure never was an helpless wight
In more uncomfortable plight.
Nor was this all; his pate was bare,
Unshelter'd by one lock of hair:
For when the sturdy robbers took him,
His hat and peruke both forsook him:
The insect world were on the wing,
Whose talent is to buzz and sting;
And soon his bare-worn head they sought,
By instinct led, by nature taught;

And dug their little forks within
The tender texture of his skin.
He rag'd and roar'd, but all in vain,
No means he found to ease his pain.
The cords, which to the tree had tied him,
All power to his hands denied him;
He shook his head, he writh'd his face
With painful look and sad grimace,
And thus he spoke his hapless case:—

" Ah! miserable man," he cried,
" What perils do my course betide!
" In this sad melancholy state,
" Here must I impatient wait
" Till some kind soul shall haply find me,
" And with his friendly hands unbind me;
" But I throughout the night may stay,
" 'Tis such an unfrequented way:
" Tho', what with hunger, thirst, and fright,
" I ne'er shall last throughout the night;
" And could I e'en these ills survive,
" The flies would eat me up alive!
" What mad ambition bade me roam?
" Ah! wherefore did I quit my home?
" For there I liv'd remote from harm;
" My meals were good, my house was warm;
" And, tho' I was not free from strife,
" With other ills that trouble life,
" Yet I had learn'd full well to bear
" The nightly scold, the daily care;
" And, after many a season past,
" I should have found repose at last;
" Fate would have sign'd my long release,
" And Syntax would have died in peace;
" Nor thus been robb'd, and tied and beaten,
" And all alive by insects eaten."

But while he thus at Fate was railing,
And Fortune's angry frowns bewailing,
A dog's approaching bark he hears,
'Twas sweet as music to his ears,
And soon a sure relief appears.
For, tho it bore that gen'ral form,
Which sometimes homeward brew'd a storm,
It now appear'd an angel's shape
That promis'd him a quick escape;
Nor did La Mancha's val'rous knight
Feel greater pleasure at the sight,
When, overwhelm'd with love and awe,
His Dulcinea first he saw;
For on two trotting palfreys came,
And each one bore a comely dame.
They started as his form they view;
The horses, also, started too:
The dog with insult seem'd to treat him,
And look'd as if he long'd to eat him.
With piteous looks he humbly pray'd
They'd turn aside, and give him aid;
When each leap'd quickly from her steed,
To join in charitable deed.
They drew their knives to cut the noose,
And let the mournful pris'ner loose:
With kindest words his fate bewail,
While grateful Syntax tells his tale.
The rustic matrons sooth his grief,
Nor offer, but afford, relief;
And, turning from the beaten road,
Their well-lin'd panniers they unload;
When soon upon the bank appear'd
A sight his fainting spirits cheer'd.
They spread the fare with cheerful grace,
And gave a banquet to the place:

Most haply, too, as they untied him,
He saw his hat and wig beside him:
So, thus bewigg'd and thus behatted,
Down on the grass the Doctor squatted:
He then uplifted either eye,
To give thanksgiving to the sky.
" 'Tis thus," he humbly said, " we read
" In sacred books of heav'nly deed;
" And thus I find, in my distress,
" The manna of the wilderness.
" 'Tis hermits' fare; but, thanks to heav'n,
" And those kind souls by whom 'tis giv'n,"
'Tis true that bread, and curds, and fruit,
Do with the pious hermits suit;
But Syntax surely was mistaken
To think their meals partake of bacon;
Or that those rev'rend men regale,
As our good Doctors do, with ale:
And these kind dames, in nothing loth,
Took care that he partook of both.

At length 'twas time to bid adieu,
And each their diff'rent way pursue:
A kind farewell, a kiss as kind,
He gave them both with heart and mind;
Then off he trudg'd, and, as he walk'd,
Thus to himself the Parson talk'd:—
" 'Tis well, I think, it is no worse,
" For I have only lost my purse.
" With all their cruelty and pains,
" The rogues have got but trifling gains;
" For nine and fourpence is the measure
" Of all their mighty pilfer'd treasure;
" For haply there was no divining,
" That I'd a pocket in my lining;

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BRITISH MUSEUM
7 NOV 61

" And, thanks to spousy, ev'ry note
" Was well sew'd up within my coat.
" But where is Grizzle?—Never mind her,
" I'll have her cried, and soon shall find her."
He had not pac'd it half an hour
Before he saw a parish tow'r,
And soon, with dire fatigue opprest,
An inn receiv'd him as its guest:
But still his mind, with anxious care,
Ponder'd upon his wand'ring mare;
He therefore sent the bellman round,
To try if Grizzle might be found.

Grizzle, ungrateful to her master,
And careless of this foul disaster,
Left him tied up, and took her way,
In hopes to meet with corn or hay;
But, as that did not come to pass,
She sought a meadow full of grass:
The farmer in the meadow found her,
And order'd John, his man, to pound her.
Now John was one of those droll folk,
Who oft take mischief for a joke;
And thought 'twould make the master stare,
When he again beheld his mare
(Perhaps the ge'mman might be shockt)
To find her ready cropt and dockt.
At all events, he play'd his fun;
No sooner was it said than done.
But Grizzle was a patient beast,
And minded nought, if she could feast:
Like many others, prone to think
The best of life was meat and drink;
Who feel to-day nor care nor sorrow,
If they are sure to feast to-morrow.

Thus Grizzle, as she pac'd around
The purlieu of the barren pound,
In hungry mood might seem to neigh,—
" If I had water, corn, and hay,
" I should not thus my fate bewail,
" Nor mourn the loss of ears or tail."

In the mean time, securely hous'd,
The Doctor boos'd it, and carous'd:
The hostess spread her fairest cheer,
Her best beef-steak, her strongest beer;
And sooth'd him with her winning chat,
Of " Pray eat this, and pray take that.
" Your Rev'rence, after all your fright,
" Wants meat and drink to set you right."
His Rev'rence prais'd the golden rule,
Nor did he let his victuals cool:
And, having drank his liquor out,
He took a turn, to look about.
When to the folks about the door
He told his dismal story o'er,
The country-people on him gaz'd,
And heard his perils, all amaz'd:
How the thieves twin'd the cords around him;
How to a tree the villains bound him:
What angels came to his relief,
To loose his bonds, and sooth his grief:
His loss of cash, and, what was worse,
Of saddle, saddle-bags, and horse.
Thus, as their rude attention hung
Upon the wonders of his tongue,
Lo! Grizzle's alter'd form appears,
With half its tail, and half its ears!
" Is there no law?" the Doctor cries:—
" Plenty," a Lawyer straight replies;

" Employ me, and those thieves shall swing
" On gallows-tree, in hempen string:
" And, for the rogue, the law shall flea him,
" Who maim'd your horse, as now you see him."
" No," quoth the Don, " your pardon pray,
" I've had enough of thieves to-day:
" I've lost nine shillings and a groat,
" But you would strip me of my coat;
" And ears and tails won't fatten you,
" You'll want the head and carcase too."
He chuckled as he made the stroke,
And all around enjoy'd the joke:
But still it was a sorry sight
To see the beast in such a plight.
Yet what could angry Syntax do?
'Twas all in vain to fret and stew;
And as his bags, with all their hoard
Of sketching-tools, were safe restor'd;
The saddle too, which had been sought,
For small reward was quickly brought;
He thought it therefore far more sage
To stop his threats, and check his rage:
So to the ostler's faithful care
He gave his mutilated mare;
And while poor Grizzle, free from danger,
Cropp'd the full rack, and clean'd the manger,
Her master, by fatigue opprest,
Smok'd out his pipe, and went to rest.

[*To be continued.*]

ODE.

A SCENE NEAR SEVILLE.

[With a Print.]

'Twas on the *Bætis* * flow'ry side,
What time the pale Moon, from her bow'r
Threw her fair gleams across the tide,
And mark'd on shaggy heights the dusky tow'r;
Her beams upon the water play'd,
The Zephyr wanton'd in the glade;
While from the rocks the gushing torrents pour,
And call the Echoes to repeat the roar.
" Oh, what a scene!" Alonzo cried;
" What beauties court the wand'ring eye!
" But, ah! in vain these charms appear
" To eyes suffus'd with many a tear;
" While the heart gives the frequent sigh;
" And patriot Virtue seeks in solitude to moan
" It's country's threaten'd ruin, and its own.
" A ravish'd crown, a captive king,
" Religion's holy fanes despoil'd;—
" The ravag'd fields no harvests bring,
" For which the peasant vainly toil'd.
" Insatiate rapine, deck'd with helmed crest,
" In his fell hand the falchion bears;
" Arms the sharp blade at ev'ry breast,
" And smiles 'mid infants' blood and mothers' tears;
" The fiend impatient roams to seize his prey,
" And marks with cruel spoil th' ensanguin'd way:—
" Offspring of war! not that which comes to save,
" The glory of the good, the brave;

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* Note, that in days of ancient fame,
The *Guadalquiver* bore this name.

VIEW *near* **SEVILLE** *in* **SPAIN,**

BY MOONLIGHT.

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BRITISH
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MUSEUM

" Where Justice bids unsheath the steel,
" And wounds to make the tyrant feel;—
" Not that where Mercy hovers o'er
" The hosts embattled on the plain,
" To stop the streams of human gore,
" To weep beside the heroes slain;—
" But that, which, clad in mad Ambition's form,
" Awakes the fierce, the desolating storm,
" Whose only dire delight and savage joy
" Is to enslave the world, or to destroy."

Such is the fate Iberia's realms sustain!
But shall she wear th' invader's galling chain?
The spirit that our sires inspir'd
Again revives—with native ardour fir'd:
We rush to arms—and vict'ry's turning tide
Shall drive, with terror back, the Gallic host,
And quell their tyrant's upstart pride:
While Britain, friend of Freedom, on our coast
Shall pour her potent and all-conqu'ring arms,
And bid her navies ride!
Then may we look to halcyon days of peace,
When the rude tongue of war no more
Shall bellow forth its loud uproar,
And all its dire alarms shall cease:
When Spain shall hail again her rightful lord;
When to her holy fanes their rites shall be restor'd;—
When renovated laws the sov'reign sway shall own,
And loyal Love shall guard, and Freedom grace the throne.

THEATRICAL IMPROMPTU.

When Garrick wore the Thespian crown,
Great Shakspeare peep'd in wonder;
Then Quin with Cibber claim'd renown
In peals of royal thunder:—
Old Macklin taught the English stage
T' assume the shapes of Proteus;
But griev'd to see this dotard age
Applaud a puling Roscius.

R. M.

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

" Peace to the sons of the heroes, their deeds were great in battle; let them ride around me on clouds; let them shew their features of war. My soul shall then be firm in danger; mine arm like the thunder of Heaven!"—Ossian.

O'er the inverted world the sun's last ray
Far to the west diffus'd a dubious day;
Night's sable empress, hov'ring o'er the slain,
In murky mantle wrapp'd th' ensanguin'd plain;
From realms of light slow fell the dewy show'r,
To bless the calmness of the ev'ning hour;
Wing'd with swift Fate, no longer, from afar,
The cannon rolls the tumult of the war;
The fatal Sisters fly the battle's roar,
And weave the lurid web of Death no more.
Spoil'd of thy Chief, in distant climes forlorn,
What now remains but servitude and scorn?
Weep, Anglia! weep; a direful cloud descends;
Fraught with new fate, a darker hour impends.

Lo! by the Prophet's hallow'd eye foreseen,
Terrific judgments fright the sons of men:
Warn'd by his voice, whom Hell's arch-fiends revere,
Who conquer'd Death, whom Heav'ns blest angels fear,
Warn'd by his voice, repent; atone the past,
Implore his mercy while his mercy last.
Thus, in obedience to th' Almighty word,
Avenging Justice shall disarm her sword:
Thus to an erring race be mercy given,
And Peace repel the thunderbolts of Heaven.

Lo! undistinguish'd from the glorious dead,
In climes remote thy patriot Hero bled;
And, as the ebbing tide of life decay'd,
Tortur'd he groan'd beneath Fate's thirsty shade;
While trembled on his lips the parting breath,
Ere yet his filmy eyes were seal'd in death:—
"While yet," he cried, "this fainting heart shall beat,
While warms my flutt'ring breast this vital heat,
'Tis my last wish that England still approve,
And view my actions with indulgent love.
O, Thou supreme! if now my doom's decreed,
Thy searching eye my secret thoughts can read;
Thou know'st my zeal to serve my Country's cause,
O! save her King, her liberty, her laws!
Thus shall my buoyant soul exulting soar,
When Earth's illusive joys shall please no more;
A beaming ray shall pierce impending gloom,
And Peace dethrone the tyrant of the tomb."

So, 'mid consuming flames, with empire blest,
A phœnix shall renew her halcyon nest;
And, borne on eagle-pinions, shall arise,
To wing her gladsome way, and kiss the bright'ning skies!

G. J. Skeeles.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I AM put upon sending you the enclosed by my son Sam, who being lately returned from the house of a friend, where they take in the European Magazine, saw therein an advertisement, stating the plan of your new Poetical Publication. "Mother," says he, "I'm sure Laura's poem upon the parson's dog, that disappeared in so strange a way, would just suit Mr. Ackermann, as it may be truly called an original; and though, mother," continues he, "you know more about spindles and dough-cakes, than spondees and dactyls" (the boy has wit, and was right in what he said, for in truth I never understood a syllable of it); but as I was saying, "do mother," says he, "look after these verses of Laura's, which I gave you to take care of for me, and transcribe them from the copy in your possession; I would not enjoin you so unpleasant a task, if I could sit down to do it myself, but you know how father engages me." Well, to oblige my poor boy (for he has an inkling after this girl, which I am sorry to see, for she will never do for a wife to a plain country lad, Mr. Ackermann, though he has had some learning, and will have a pretty fortune; thanks to mine and his father's care)—as to Laura's verses about fairies and transmigrations, it appears to me an hodge-podge of nonsense, but Sam calls it imagery and imagination; the Lord help them both, and keep their brains in their right places; Amen, say I. But, as I was saying, or as I meant to say, it had escaped my memory where I had laid this fine production, and after having wasted a full hour and three quarters of precious time in the search; after having turned topsy-turvy all my drawers, in which I keep my own and husband's linen, (which, by the bye, will take me another hour and three quarters to replace,) where do you think, Mr. Ackermann, I found this bantling of Laura's brain? why, wrapped up in a woollen night-cap of my husband's, which the moth having got into, I had locked up in a deal box in the dark closet, where I keep every thing that is out of repair. I perfectly screamed for joy at sight of it, just as I had given it up for lost; not that I should have cared a pin about it, but poor Sam would have been sadly in the dumps. In future he shall keep it himself. I was in a fearful hurry and fluster whilst writing it over, for it appeared to me to be all loss of time; but Sam says the writing is of no consequence, but charged me to pay attention to the spelling, and the placing of great letters, as in the original copy. I did as he bid me, without knowing why,

glad at any rate to get it out of my hands. After all this rhodomontade about a dog, the story is simply this :—She belonged to the Rector, and suddenly disappeared one morning when walking in the fields with a young gentleman, his pupil, who would make Laura write something about it, which I am sure she never studied; and I tell Sam she'll be angry with him for sending it to be printed; but he's of a contrary opinion, and says nothing would please her so well, particularly if you made it the subject of one of your plates. The dog was small, beautiful, and remarkably sagacious, of the sporting kind; its loss was much regretted. As to Laura's verses, she has a knack of rhyming, and that is all, for she never attends to rules, as I have heard her say.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.

May 5. DORCAS DROWSY.

UNKNOWN the grave where faithful Frisky lies!
Unknown the fate by which that grave she found!
Except to Fays and sylvan deities,
Who trip the sod to many a dulcet sound;
Where by pale Cynthia's ray
They revel keep when Sol shuts out the day.
These, whom no mortal eye can view,
When they sip the morning dew,
Frisky! on thy grave shall fling
Sweetest flowers of the spring!
Fairy elves shall mourn for thee,
And from off the cypress-tree
Each a tiny sprig shall take,
And wear it, Frisky, for thy sake;
For thy sports, the woods among,
Have oft amus'd King Oberon.
Unlucky morn! when, with ill-fated speed,
Thou urg'dst thy course along the dewy mead!
With nose uplifted to the scented air,
Instinctively pursuing rabbits' lair—

Tho' Friendship's warning voice arrests thy way,
And call'd aloud—"Oh! Frisky! Frisky! stay!"
Nor hear nor see did'st thou! but faster sped,
By Indiscretion and Delusion led—
False guides!—for, *ignis-fatuus* like,
They lur'd thee to the trap or pointed spike,—
Uncertain what!—whether within a burrow,
A line immur'd, or o'er a fresh-plough'd furrow,
With haste imprudent, stooping for thy prey,
With dislocated neck Death's victim lay;—
Or trespassing where lurks the timid hare,
Nor of the gunner nor his gun aware;
Elate and panting for the destin'd prize,
With instant death the sudden terror flies!—
Or, worst of all, disgraceful to suppose,
Some ferret caught thee by the nose,
In thy research, where mole-hill rose.
Ignobly penn'd, thou mak'st the valleys ring,
Yet nought but Echo hears the ding;
Echo, sad nymph! to thee no help can bring:
She hears thy moans,
Repeats thy groans!
And from her eye,
To see thee die,
A tear does fall,
And that is all!
The insatiate red-ey'd fiend ne'er quits his hold
Till out he sees thee stretch'd upon th' ensanguin'd mould.
O Frisky! in thy all-expressive eye
I've mark'd the tender sympathy;
The grateful joy for favours shown,
The deep regret for faults when known.
O Frisky! in thy animated mien
A transmigrated soul I've seen!

In what new form no one can know,
Or where thou art, or whither thou wilt go:—
This very moment thou may'st be
Of finny tribe, in lake or sea;
Or stalk an elephant or bear,
Or flit an insect of the air;
A courtley beau, or flaunting belle,
Or live a frog within a well;
Or in some Indian princess shine,
In beads, and shells, and gaudy trappings fine;
Even, on some dreary heath,
The very rabbit whom of breath
Thou might'st deprive—wild parsley cropping,
With ears erect, advancing, and now stopping;
Trembling at ev'ry passing wind,
As if thou fear'st a foe, a Frisky, still behind.
Yet, Frisky! if thy memory be true,
Thou'lt oft thy master's kindnesses review;
And could'st thou now his unfeign'd grief portray,
Thou'dst be again the Rector's Dog of Cray.

LAURA.

IMPROMPTU

ON THE MEETING AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR, ON THE FIRST OF MAY.

WHEN affairs (as desired) in chaos are set,
And Wardle, and Waithman, Horne Tooke, and Burdett,
Are with pow'r to new-model the Government arm'd,
Folks will quickly perceive, with no small admiration,
Nought left them to pay tow'rds the debt of the nation,
And the system of sinecure places *re*-formed!

E.

FORGERY;

OR, THE REFLECTIONS OF A CULPRIT, DURING THE MORNING OF HIS EXECUTION.

WHAT sound * invades my restless hours?
Terrific knell! and is it morn?
Ah, no! still darkness o'er me low'rs,—
Death-chilling horrors wait the dawn.

Still the dread sound assails my ears,
It calls me to the dismal tomb;
More near the fatal hour appears,
That seals the culprit's awful doom.

Adepts in pleasure! hear his lay;
Attend the wretch's last harangue:
Ye triflers of the age! oh! stay,
And feel a brother-trifler's pang.

Yes, like yourselves, I once was gay,
Sought ev'ry false destructive joy;
Then, mark me, ere like me ye stray,
Tempted by ev'ry glitt'ring toy.

All that was mean I strove to brave,
To gain an independent fame;
Int'rest could ne'er my thoughts enslave,—
Scorn'd flattery's arts to gain a name.

Possess'd of feelings strong and vain,
Without a check their rage to still,
Reason ne'er curb'd the slacken'd rein,
While headstrong impulse forced the will.

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* This poetic appeal to the feelings of the careless commences with the culprit's alarm, on hearing the bell at midnight, that is intended to warn him of his approaching fate.

'Mid Dissipation's wild career,
Fierce as I flew the madd'ning round,
My greatest pleasure was the tear
Shed where afflicted worth was found.

My bosom oft with pity heav'd,
Oft strove the wounds of grief to heal;
The outcast's piteous fate reliev'd,
Feeling as man for man should feel.

I lov'd to enter Mis'ry's door,
Tho' worldly friends appear'd estrang'd;
Forgot the object's vice, if poor,
Careless how worldly prospects chang'd.

More careless grown, I learn'd to spurn
All that the best of parents taught;
In error plung'd too deep to turn,
With ardour each new vice I sought;

Advanc'd too rashly to recede,
Blindly I brav'd the felon's fate;
Forg'd, in despair, the fatal deed
That caus'd this ignominious state.

Just Heav'n! may I approach thy feet?
Nature impels me to her God,
Who hears the suppliant entreat
That none but he may feel the rod.

On me thy vengeance pour alone;
Just God! a too fond father shield;
I feel, I hear, the torturing groan
The parent for his child may yield.

My happiness was all his care,
To make me virtuous all his aim;
His slender pittance e'en he'd spare,
To save false pride from painful shame.

And she, who nurs'd my growing years,
Content no more shall sooth to rest;
Thus I repay a mother's tears,
Thus agonize a mother's breast.

Can such a wretch humanely feel?
Yes; the example's view'd in me:
Yet, God of mercy! still I kneel,
Trusting all hope alone in thee.

Searcher of hearts, oh! guide our youth,
Speak to the young, and thoughtless gay;
Teach them this awful, solemn truth,
When Death shall launch my soul away:—

While they run Error's giddy round,
Oh! bid them pause,—or, when too late,
They'll find, who tread Temptation's ground,
Destruction and Remorse await.

But, ah! no more—the dawn appears,
And now I leave my dismal cell;
Yon crowds, whose murmurs reach my ears,
Too plain my shameful exit tell.

What fears my trembling nerves appal!
Oh! God of justice, bless the rod!
Angels of mercy, aid my call!
Oh! God forgive—save me, my God!

S. B. FROME.

TO MYRA.

As painters, by their mimic skill,
Portray each subject at their will,
So little Cupid, with his dart,
Depicts thy image on my heart.

Park-Street. J. P.

EPIGRAMS.—By Mr. V——.

THE WRANGLING LOVERS.

We love—and yet we disagree—
And thus I solve the wonder;
There is *a charm* 'twixt you and me—
We cannot live asunder.

THE OPEN TABLE.—TO A NOBLE LORD.

'Tis true, they say you're eloquent as Pitt,
Have all the charms of Sheridan, the wit;
But know you not—of me—the same they'd say,
Could I, like you, keep sycophants in pay?

FORGETFULNESS.—IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

At night, o'er the bottle, you grant me my will,
But memory fails you at morn to fulfil:
Then drink, morn and night, or promise no more,
For nothing's so bad as deceiving the poor.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGIA.—EP. 32.

The Author under a Fit of the Gout.

In health, the whole of life too short appears;
But, in the gout *, one night seems twenty years.

MAN AND WIFE.—A CONSOLATORY DUET AT PARTING.

He.—" Bone of my bone, and flesh beside,
Attend my dying words," he cried:—
" As Death, at length, will make us twain,
I hope we ne'er may meet again."

She.—" If that's the blessing which you give,
I beg you'll hear me in reply;
My fears are only lest you live,
So, quickly, John, I pray you—die."

L—th-R—d.

* μια νὺξ απλετος εστί χρονος.

ADDRESS

TO THE PUBLISHER OF THE POETICAL MAGAZINE.

GUARDIAN and Friend of modest Bards, all hail!
Who, when the "*Storm arises,*" spread the sail,
And launch their vessels bold, to brave
The fury of the critic wave,
In *thee* confiding, to outride the gale:
Some lightly scud before the wind,
Others, more heavy, lag behind;
Whilst the young pilots, void of fear,
Straight to thy shelt'ring harbour steer,
And land their cargoes all to thy protecting care.

'Mong these I fain my puny bark would freight,
With articles, indeed, of little weight,
Drawn from the *Parson's Barn;* for so
Styl'd I my storehouse, years ago;
Poetic Fancy's *private,* snug retreat—
Rais'd up far distant from the ken
Of fell Reviewers, dreaded men;
Aptly divided to contain,
The tythings of the poet's brain,
As yet disclos'd to none, save Friendship's social train.

But for my cargo—say, what shall it be?
A Tale, a Sonnet, or a sportive Glee?
From pious Casimir, translation;
Or, of Anacreon, imitation?—
Of all, my barn has much variety:
But hark! my friend cries, "I'm in haste*,
So then, e'en dip, and send a taste."
In his next Number, Ackermann will say
Whether A. Z. shall send away
More of his motley stores, some future day.

A. Z.

* A friend in a passing coach takes this, written in much haste.

THE LOCAL-MILITIAMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

[IN IMITATATION OF TIBULLUS.]

Quis fuit horendos, primus qui protulit enses
Quam ferus, et veri ferreus ille fuit ?

STEEL'D was his heart whose dire inventive thought
First to the murd'rous sword perfection gave,
Whence slaughter sprung, with bloody horrors fraught,
And op'd new pathways to th' untimely grave.
What merited the wretch, whose brutal mind
Thus rais'd such evils to afflict mankind ?

The seeds of war were erst by riches sown ;
For then, when frugal neatness deck'd the board,
The horrid clang of arms was all unknown ;
The rampart rose not, nor the cannon roar'd ;
Each shepherd slept securely in the dale,
Whilst graz'd his peaceful herds along the vale.

Had I *then* haply trod the path of life,
Ne'er had the din of war alarm'd mine ear,
Nor spirit-sinking drum, nor shrilly fife,
Had struck my trembling heart with panic fear—
Dragg'd to the battle's heat, whilst now I go,
To glut the sabre of some ruthless foe.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S ANSWER.

" CEASE, vain complainer, check those dastard sighs,
Thy Country calls thee, and thy King commands:
Shall Gallic infidels," the vet'ran cries,
" Plunder thy sheep-folds, and lay waste thy lands ?
Go, seize with manly grasp thy polish'd blade,
Nor curse the artizan by whom 'twas made.

" What time thy faithful watch-dog growls alarms,
Bold dost thou meet the plund'rers of thy flocks:
Shall Anna then, be sever'd from thine arms;
Thy babes be dash'd against the blood-stain'd rocks;
And thou nor hear their cries, nor heed their tears?
Rouse, rouse thee, Henry, from such coward fears."

Fire-flashing vengeance darting from his eyes,
Quick springs young Henry from his mossy bed;—
" Perish each dastard thought!" he boldly cries,
" Lead me, ere yet one British soul has bled—
Lead me, good vet'ran, to th' invaded coast,
And Henry's single arm shall prove an host."

A. Z.

Devonshire, May 30, 1809.

ANECDOTE,

Not (I believe) much known.

Dean Swift being desired by his Barber, who was about to open a public house, under the sign of the "Jolly Barber," to write some Verses to put on it, gave him the following distich---not published in his works.

Rove not from Pole to Pole, but enter here,
Where nought excels the shaving—but the Beer.

A. Z.

ELIZA'S ANSWER TO G. F. *

AND canst thou then mistake me so,
As to suppose the looks of wo,
Which ever and anon I throw
Around;

* See page 50 of the First Number.

Or the swift blushes o'er my cheek,
Which (now that sorrow's made me weak)
Memory oft will force to break,
Unbid;

Betray a thought I dare not name,
Or tell the babbling tongue of Fame,
That in my heart there burns a flame
For *thee?*

Oh! had'st thou been less vain or blind,
Or had'st thou known the human mind,
Thy judgment would have been more kind
Of them:

But now thy verse demands that I
(Ere with me all my sorrows die)
Should give my story to the eye
Of man.

Know then, 'tis almost three long years
(For I have mark'd the days with tears,
And th' anxious hopes and cruel fears
Of love)

Since Albert landed on this shore,
And talk'd of love and *marriage* more
Than youth had ever done before,
To me:

But I had been full often told,
By those I thought as wise as old,
That women never should be bold
In love:

And when he vow'd, and talk'd of pain,
I answer'd him with cool disdain—
'Twas 'neath a sailor to complain
Of love.

Devoid of art, above disguise,
He read not in my tell-tale eyes,
Or yet my still more tell-tale sighs,
My thoughts;

But, judging from the scorn I feign'd,
That o'er my heart some other reign'd,
And that my love would ne'er be gain'd
By him,

In haste he left old England's shore,
And with a solemn oath he swore
That he would *try* to think no more
Of me:

And 'twas an easy task, I ween,
For him, since then, I've never seen,
Nor has my heart yet ever been
At peace.

But still, as I recall the day,
When, weary of my haughty sway,
He tore himself from friends away,
And me,

The tears will tremble in my eyes,
And o'er my cheeks the blush will rise;
Nor can I *quite* suppress the sighs
Of grief,

Which, with thy sex's vanity,
Thou'st falsely thought spoke love of *thee*,
And not a heart that soon would be
At rest.

But *now*, when next thou seest those signs,
Recall to mind these simple lines,
And *judge* not that the fair-one pines
For *thee*.

ELIZA.

A POET'S STATEMENT

TO THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE PROPERTY-TAX.

To those who would know it,
P. P. a poor Poet,
Will cheerfully shew it
Them gratis,

That, never unwilling
To earn a good shilling,
Melodiously thrilling
His pate is.

Tho' sad his condition,
With Phœbus' permission,
In any position
He scribbles,

To gather some riches,
As well as good breeches,
Whilst crusts fit for witches
He nibbles.

Castalia incites him,
Parnassus delights him,
But Poverty fights him
Most queerly.

Yet Pegasus often
His troubles will soften,
Tho' frequently scoff'd on
Severely.

Your poet's so poor,
With the wolf at his door,
And so small is his store
Of good liquor;

That Phœbus supplies,
Both for stomach and eyes,
What *Moses* won't prize,
Nor the *Vicar*.

Then Commissioners, pray
Hear what I've to say;
I have nothing to pay
For my dinner;

Nor cash in the stocks,
Nor in any strong box,
Nor confin'd under locks,
By a sinner.

My income's so small,
(Almost nothing at all,)
'Twould your worships appal,
Could I state it;

But, knowing so well
Pity's delicate cell
With compassion would swell
To relate it:

I therefore decline
Hurting you or *the Nine*,
Whilst you sit o'er your wine,
White or sable;

But my heart would rebound
To see two hundred pound,
During all the year round,
On my table.

The booksellers pinch,
Tho' I scarcely dare winch,
Yet I never will flinch
From my duty;

Fame bids me "aspire,
Ride Pegasus higher,
Poetical fire
Is your booty."

Commissioners, then,
Who are opulent men,
And who wish for the pen
Of a poet,

May easily find
A bard to their mind,
Whose heart is so kind
As to shew it;

That all advertisers,
Quack-doctors and misers,
And legal advisers
May know it.

His Pegasus offers
To fill up their coffers;
Thus gen'rously proffers
Your poet.

To lottery-people,
Like bells in a steeple
He'll chime, tho' more feeble,
But free;

And each auctioneer,
Who to fortune would steer,
May perceive his road clear,
Thro' P. P.

If lovers desire
Some poetical fire,
Fair charms to admire,
Or to rifle;

By paying P. P.
But his regular fee,
He is sure they'll agree
'Tis a trifle.

The dull plodding Cit
May secure P. P.'s wit,
Who is constantly fit
For these uses;

And those living west,
Who to fashion give zest,
May be always address'd
By the Muses.

All tradesmen who deal
In gold, silver, or steel,
Or fashions reveal
To the fair,

May hear their goods chime
In their poet's soft rhyme,
By rewarding his time
And his care.

All those who would know
How his verses will flow,
To friend *Ackermann* go,
In the Strand,

Who will tell in a trice
The poetical price
For Parnassian advice,
Duly scann'd.

TO MARY.

Ah, Mary! could the poet's art,
Warm, glowing, tell how true my heart,
A Ramsay's strain, a Burns's song,
Wild warbling, Nature's flow'rs among,

Should paint my love like yonder rose,
But stripp'd of all its thorny boughs.
The crimson'd daisy wet wi' dew,
My Mary, well would emblem you !
But weak are all the poet's pow'rs,
And faint the brightest tint o' flow'rs,
To shew how much I Mary love,
And by compare my passion prove.
I scarcely value Heaven more !
It's loss I'd scarcely more deplore !
Forgive me, Heaven, thine is the flame,
Thou can'st not such a passion blame.
Forgive me, Mary, pious maid !
I fear too strongly true I said :
But oh ! impute my faults aright ;
Thou art my Heaven of delight !
Heaven's flame, alas ! too strongly fann'd,
And 'tis thro' you I'm saved or ——.

DEVERONNIS.

SIMPLE PASTORAL TRIBUTE,

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN BROWN, ESQ.

Unfortunately killed in the Attack of the French at Marie Galante.

WHAT sounds, o'er th' Atlantic, so mournful and sweet,
Bid Kindness and Pity in sympathy meet ?
Ah ! the soft western gale dismal tidings has sped,
And breathes, with his praises, that Thyrsis is dead !

Remote from his country, and all he held dear,
In life's blooming prime he was snatch'd to his bier ;
By War's horrid hand unforeseen came the blow
That laid his fair virtues and energies low !

Ah! why did those energies lead to the shore
Where that murderous demon exerted his pow'r?
Each active endeavour is now at an end
That brighten'd his prospects, and those of his friend.

But Heaven, perhaps, saw his course was well run,
And call'd him away, future evil to shun,—
Nor with ling'ring disease tried his warm feeling heart,
Averse from each tender connection to part:

Yet, when his last moment he threat'ning perceiv'd,
My fancy would paint he thus inwardly griev'd:—
" Lov'd sister, and friends, if ye hear I'm no more,
" O do not too bitterly weep and deplore!

" Yet a fond wish remains that some tears may be shed,
" And a thought be retain'd for poor Thyrsis, when dead."
Yes, generous youth! and thy mem'ry shall bloom,
Enrich'd with bright Virtue's eternal perfume.

Nor few are the tears that shall Thyrsis deplore,
When the sad news arrives at his Erin's green shore;
Alas! but too poignant the grief that will rend
The heart of his sister—the heart of his friend!

Sweet Muse, that was wont to inspire *his* pen,
To some favour'd mortal descend once again;
Give *Genius* and *Friendship* thy language, to tell
How belov'd he had liv'd, how lamented he fell!

Nov. 21, 1808.

REMERCIMENS D'UN EMIGRE FRANCOIS
A LA NATION ANGLAISE.

AIMABLE Déité, douce Reconnoissance,
Des vertueux humains, sensible récompense,
Objet chéri des Dieux, peu connu des mortels,
Dont, l'ingrat tous les jours renverse les autels.

Avec quel vif transport, j'éprouve ta puissance !
De t'exprimer hélas, je sens l'insuffisance
Mais à mes bienfaiteurs, d'autres t'exprimeront
Pulissent ils entrevoir, dans tout ce qu'ils diront,
D'un tribut mérité, le véritable hommage
Et le doux sentiment, qu'avec eux je partage !
Si la timidité retint mes purs accens,
C'est que l'expression manquoit aux sentimens :
Tout, en vous m'enchanta, peuple par excellence,
Ces actes éclatans de votre bienfaisance,
Se gravant à jamais, dans mon cœur attendri,
Y revivront sans cesse, en dépit de l'oubli.

CHEV. D. B.

PRAYER FOR PRAYER,

Occasioned by overhearing two Females settling their Evening Plan.

" ARE you for chapel, ma'am ?" one cry'd :
" Oh, no ;" the younger fair replied ;
" I really have engag'd to go,
And meet a friend on Clapton-row.
He said at six he would be there,
And that you know's the hour for pray'r :
To-day at chapel twice I've been,
It cannot therefore be a sin
If I a little walk should take,
For health and recreation sake ;
So, when to Heaven you raise your pray'r,
Oh think of me, who am not there ;
Another day I'll surely do
The self-same kindness unto you."
Then quickly parted, in a trice,
The sinner, and the saint, so nice :
But who can tell which was the best,
The sinner, or the saint profess'd ?

ARENA.

LINES

WRITTEN FROM LEWES, IN SUSSEX,

At the particular Request of the Young Lady to whom they are addressed.

HERE, where the Sussex hills majestic rise,
And tow'ring lift their green heads to the skies;
Where rustic Lewes' modest spires ascend,
And hills and vales in rich confusion blend;
Here would I sip the Heliconian spring,
And in the Muses' strains to Wortley sing.

Sweet Lewes! well thy lovely bow'rs may claim
A poet's lays, to tell their rural fame:
Shall I then in the arduous task engage,
And hope to furnish the descriptive page?
Too impotent, alas! my simple lays,
Imagination's airy wing to raise;
But, when requested, when desir'd by *you*,
Ah! what, dear Wortley! wou'd not Henry do?

Where lofty Sussex' verdant summits rise,
Deep in the vale, encircled, Lewes lies;
Here cluster'd hamlets rise among the trees,
And shady poplars tremble in the breeze;
The eye, enchanted, from the depth below
Sees hills on hills in rich succession grow;
Luxuriant fields, that teem with yellow stores,
Where smiling Plenty rich profusion pours.
The Sussex farmer shares her ample horn,
Transported views the yellow waving corn;
While ev'ry breeze that scours along the hills
The ambient air with healthy fragrance fills,

Low in his verdant banks, meand'ring Ouse
In silver stream his winding course pursues;
And murm'ring soft, delightful bow'rs among,
Attendant Naiads listen to his song;
And, while within the lucid tide they lave,
Speed with their silver urns his curling wave
To Ocean's billows.—On the margent green
Oft is the watchful angler sporting seen;
With anxious care each wily art he tries,
And snares profound with sportive ardour plies;
Views with delight the painted signal glide;
Now gently nod—now plunge into the tide;
The finny tribes the latent poison seize,
And, borne aloft, and panting in the breeze,
Too late, alas! they feel the hidden death,
Landed, and gasping for their native breath!

Here, in some flow'ry brake, or daisied dell,
Retirement, modest maiden! loves to dwell;
And often, in her wild sequester'd shade,
(For pensive minds and absent lovers made,)
Delights her willing vot'ries to detain,
And forge new links to Cupid's silken chain.

Such are thy pleasures, Lewes! such thy sports,
More valu'd far than all the pomp of courts!
To me more dear within thy bow'rs to live
Than all the pomp that guilty pride can give:
Far more congenial is the babbling rill,
The ivy'd steeple, and the rustic mill,
The modest maiden, clad in humble brown,
The straw-thatch'd cottage, and the simple clown;
More dear unpolish'd Nature to my heart
Than all the splendid blandishments of Art.

Are these thy thoughts, O Wortley! these the sweets
(Enjoy'd alone in rural, calm retreats)

That please thy heart?—or is't the midnight ball,
The festive chamber, and the lighted hall;
Anxious to pace the splendid crowd among,
The envied object of a flatt'ring throng?

Expect no strains from Adulation's tongue;
However witty, beautiful, and young,
Thy charms to flatter, or thy wit to praise,
Shall never be the object of my lays;
But, pure and simple, unadorn'd by Art,
Accept my numbers, flowing from the heart;
And they, on Fancy's pinions borne from mine,
But hope a passport, lovely maid! to thine.
No laureat honours I aspire to claim,
Or blooming wreaths, to consecrate my fame;
No Grecian triumphs grace my simple song,
To abler bards superior themes belong;
The richest meed I hope to crown *my* lays—
I will not blush to own—is Wortley's praise;
And, while her judgment and her candour blend,
To see her spare the Poet—in the Friend.

H. T. H.

Lewes, July 2, 1808.

IMPROMPTU,

On reading "General Observations, on the Fashions for June," in Ackermann's Repository.

Mr. Arbiter Elegantiarum,
So hard the words, I really cannot bear 'em;
Do, pray, select some easier to pronounce,
And please the fair—or else their smiles renounce;
For much they cavil that you should presume
To immolate their fancies in the bloom.
Must they, like soldier, parson, sailor,
Wear red, black, blue, or dark, or paler,

To designate their eye of varied hue,
From sparkling black to soft cerulean blue?
For shame, thus modest Beauty to disarm,
And take away the fascinating charm
Of fond surprise, and let the vulgar know
Where moves Brunetta—where the fairest go;
And, where the rosy blush of health is fled,
To bind forsaken green around the head.
Much I protest against such rigid sway,
And own these liv'ries would create dismay:
Nor could you, mighty Sir! with ease obtain
The sex to yield to such a tyrant reign.
How can you hope their colours to arrange,
Without the liberty of choice, or change?
No, Sir, in this our blest, our happy land,
Such innovating dogmas we'll withstand,
Bid Fancy blossom in the mirror's spite,
For, surely, Fancy may sometimes be right.
You would prescribe to all dear lovely blue,
Save the poor invalid, of sallow hue.
Is it that joyous Health you deem too frail
To wear the tint of Heaven's celestial veil?
And tender green (fond Nature's proudest boast)
With sober brown deny the fairest toast.
Would you Brunetta only should assume
The dingy colours that would write her doom;
While she, perhaps, is emulous to shine
As alabaster fair, as Love divine?
Ah! never hope t' induce the female sex
T' admit of laws that would most sorely vex:
How could you class the fair, the pale, the brown,
And dare to live beneath their angry frown?
Who shall decide where Hope ambitious reigns?
Who shall contend against the fair-one's claims?

Confusion would arise, and dire contempt,
And you'd derive no pleasure from th' attempt:
Then, be our gentle guide, our lib'ral friend,
And greatly to your strictures we'll attend;
Direct our fashions by your wise decrees,
We will adopt them how and when we please:
But do not hope our colours to decide,
Those we will choose, tho' Spleen and Whim deride:
You're much admired, spite of all vagarum,
Mr. Arbiter Elegantiarum.
Believe me yours, and most obsequiously
The tantalizing, tiresome

AZELI.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

NAME first the *man* who did aspire
To steal the sun's ethereal fire;
Next *him*, at whose harmonious sound
The enchanted forests danc'd around;
And now the *fields* of bliss below,
Where, we are told, the happy go;
Then you the *dark reverse* may tell,
Where wicked spirits ever dwell:
That *island* where the virtuous fair
Unravell'd all her work with care;
The sly malicious *power*, whose art,
Without your knowledge, steals your heart;
Then *her*, whose slow and ling'ring hand,
Delay'd to burn the fatal brand;
Also the *stream*, which, poets say,
Washes all care and thought away;
Place Wisdom's *goddess* now in state,
But, oh! beware Arachne's fate;
Then Thetis' *son*, who chose the strife
Of warlike fame, instead of life;

The famous *knot*, so firmly tied,
A soldier only could divide;
The *nymph* whom Theseus left alone,
His cruel falsehood to bemoan;
The gentle *breeze* that sweetly plays,
And cools the sun's meridian blaze;
Then name the *mortal*, bold and proud,
Whose hopes were cheated by a cloud;
The *bird* who sings when Sol's at rest,
Soothing each melancholy breast;
The *nymph* who answers ev'ry tone,
And sigh for sigh, when you're alone.
Now these initials, rightly join'd,
A publication soon will find,
Where those who feel poetic fire,
And own the force of Phœbus' lyre,
May join their strains, and cheerful meet,
To rest them at Apollo's feet;
Each humbly off'ring their best lay,
In hopes to catch a leaf of bay. AUGUSTA.

An Answer to the above is requested from any of your ingenious Readers.

SONNET.

Oh! d'un simple hameau si le ciel m'eût fait maître,
Je saurois en jouir: heureux, digne de l'être,
Je voudrois m'entourer de fleurs, de riches plants,
De beaux fruits et sur tout de visages riants:
Et je ne vaudrois pas, qu'attristant ma fortune,
La faim vînt m'étaler sa pâleur importune.

JACQUES DELILLE.

WHEN Ev'ning decks with varied shades the west,
And all the air a balmy fragrance yields *,
With thee, Delille, my op'ning soul's possess'd,
As on I saunter through the silent fields:

* "And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

And if, beguil'd by Phantasy, I steal,
In wistful mood, along the "grassy lane,"
Thy rural numbers ev'ry charm reveal,
And throw a softer verdure on the plain:
With thee, sublim'd, I contemplate the scene—
The humble cot, where Innocency dwells;
Or faintly catch, while wand'ring o'er the green,
The simple music of the village bells.
Hail, gentle Eve! whose fanning gales impart,
Health, vigour, life, and solace, to my heart!

Grafton-Street, 1809. J. G.

A POETICAL DESCRIPTION

OF A QUAKER AWAKENING FROM A DOZE IN A STAGE-COACH.

Ope', "Sesame*!" .....
..... See there,
Extended wide his jaws appear!
..... Oh! cease
To give unsav'ry yawns release!
Shut, "Sesame!" .....
..... They close,
And clear the wrinkles from his nose!
..... He sighs,
Then opens wide his goggle eyes,
.....And stares
Like cats when noos'd in wily snares—
.....Then writhes! .....
And looks around, with wonder and surprise,
In spirit mov'd, in vain he cries—
"Ah! me, wherefore these jolts, this hubbub noise—

---

* Vide "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," or, "The Forty Thieves."

These rattling wheels,
And coach-whip peals—
This dinning beat
Of horses' feet—
That guard-horn's bray
(To clear the way)—
And noisy crew,
Above my view?
To aggravate this compound din,
Full many a gabbling goose within,
And none of them—my bretheren."
To 'scape the noise,
And save his eyes,
No wonder then
To sleep again
"Ti Tum"
Tries.

TO A LADY.

WITH A BEAUTIFUL EDITION OF "THE VERNAL WALK."

ACCEPT, dear *Kate*, this trifle from a friend;
And, as throughout *Life's* vernal walk you rove,
May ev'ry virtue its soft influence lend,
And you be bless'd with happiness and love!
For thee I'd fain attune the magic lyre—
In lofty strains—to *Friendship's* name divine:
Thy charms, dear *Kate*, the Muses shall inspire,
And in soft numbers shall thy virtues shine.
May it be thine to stray in fragrant bow'rs,
Where vernal sweets expand on Zephyr's wing;
In groves Elysian cull the choicest flow'rs,
And bloom for thee a never-ending spring!

Verge of Granta. SINCERITAS.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE TAY, DURING THE STORMY EVENING OF JAN. 3, 1809.

What ails thee? my child, ah! why do thine eyes
So wildly roll with affright?
What is it thus fills thy heart with dread,
At this gloomy hour of the night?

Oh, mother! come forth to the door of our cot,
And see, by the moon's pale gleam,
Yon labouring bark, on Tay's billowy wave,
And list its sad inmates' scream.

Well, well may ye shriek, ah! wretched, wretched crew,
And mingle your cries with the blast;
Hence no buoyant boat, fill'd with hearts prompt to save,
To snatch from the surges can haste.

Heard, heard ye that piercing cry of despair?
'Twas the knell of departing life:
All, all are ingulf'd, a luckless prey
To dire elemental strife!

Haste we to our cot, my mother, mother dear,
To our cabin of lowly form;
There humbly implore the mercy of Heaven
For the victims of the storm.

Cupar, Fife. W.

THE VIOLET.—TO MARIA.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

A modest dwelling, and a modest vest,
Free from Ambition, in the grass I lie;
If e'er I'm ta'en to bloom upon your breast,
The humblest with the proudest flow'r shall vie.

HENRY.

EPIGRAMMATIC.

Picciola è l'Ape, e fa col picciol morso
Pur gravi, e pur moleste le ferite.
Ma qual cosa è piu piccola d'Amore, &c.

TASSO *nell' Aminta.*

BEHOLD yon little golden bee,
Wrapp'd in the tulip's painted arms,
Arm'd, like a Perseus, cap-a-pee,
Rolling amidst her honey'd charms:
Now see him take his ardent flight
Amidst the regions of delight.

Bright in the sun, on golden wing,
Laden with sweets he hovers nigh;
Approach, and dare his little sting,
And you shall rue it with a sigh:
Within his honey'd cell he wears
A sting that rankling poison bears.

Tho' small the wound, and small the bee,
Yet burns with fire the wounded part;
And Love, much smaller still than he,
By one such wound can burn the heart:
Oh! then, beware of little things,
Which carry in their tails such stings.

P.

THE MIRROR.

SEE Fashion's tawdry childish toil,
To make a beauty Time will spoil!
Turn over leaf, and there you'll meet
Of lasting beauty the receipt;—
A double mirror here you'll find,
To dress the person and the mind.

PRESENTED TO MISS CHARLOTTE ——,

By no jealous Lover, but by a Friend, who wishes every Body may love her as much as he does.

WOULD you always be in fashion,
With such charms as never fade,
Improve your mind to govern passion—
Your beauty and your fashion's made,

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY,

On her singing Burns' beautiful Song of "What ails this Heart o' mine."

YOU ask, fair maid, what ails your heart?
What means it's flutt'ring throb?
Why do its wand'ring thoughts your breast
Of wonted calmness rob?
What means this ever-tearful eye?
What means this falt'ring tongue?
Why pallid this once-blooming cheek?
Why hesitates my song?

Permit a friend, my charming girl,
In softest tones to say,—
'Tis love, till now unfelt, that thus
Insidious winds his way
Thro' thy pure bosom's deep recess,
And leaves his barbed dart;
Blanches the roses of thy cheek,—
With tremor fills thy heart.

W.

LINES

ADDRESSED BY A LADY TO A GENTLEMAN WITH A NIGHT-CAP.

IRE ALY believe,
When this you receive,
It will from your face force a smile;
A night-cap, 'tis true,
I have knitted for you,
In your absence the hours to beguile.

But it is my request,
That into your chest
You deposit this night-cap with care;
And when that you wed,
And are going to bed,
I wish you this night-cap to wear.

I merely for fun
This night-cap begun,
In the hopes that I might be a wife,
And wishing to shew
My good man, you know,
What a house-wife he'd chosen for life.

But of that I declare
I now wholly despair,
As leap-year, you know, is now out:
What am I to do?
I can't tell, can you?
"Why," say you, "be contented without."

As for Hymen and Cupid,
I am sure they are stupid,
And also suspect they're both blind;
Could those gentlemen see,
They'd never leave me
A prey to despair thus behind.

E. B.

EVENING.

THE Sun's last ray still lingers o'er the scene,
Tinting the landscape with a golden hue;
And Eve, with shadowy veil and placid mien,
Now bathes the fragrant flow'rs with balmy dew.

Dear to the thoughtful mind this pensive hour,
When, from the busy "haunts of man" retir'd,
Fancy! thy vot'ry owns thy magic pow'r,
And yields to the gay dreams by thee inspir'd.

But soon, superior to all worldly thought,
My soul devoutly lifts its hopes to thee,
Creator! and, with grateful fervour fraught,
I hail the mercy thou hast shewn to me:
And, as I contemplate thy wondrous ways,
My heart pours forth to thee the hymn of praise.

OCTAVIA.

AN OLD WOMAN TO HERSELF.

LIKE an old wither'd apple I now am become,
Tho' once I could boast of a beautiful bloom;
Just so was the apple, when fresh on the tree,
But, torn from its stem, is as wither'd as me.
Alas! it is thus we must all soon decay,
And fall from our youth and our beauty away;
Age wrinkles our features, and time fades our bloom,
Yet good-nature preserving may soften the doom,
And make the few years we yet can enjoy
As cheerful and pleasant as what are gone by—
Not permitting ill-nature our comforts to stab,
By being as sour as a wither'd old crab.

AUGUSTA.

Οιηπερ φυλλων γενεη, τοιηδε και ανδρων.—Hom.

'Ανθρωπων τι δ' αρ' εστι γενος ; καπνος, σποδος ατμη
'Ανθος ανηρ ωρη δ' εαρινη βιοΐος.
Κροισος αναξ, Ιρος τε πενης, σοφοι, αφρονες, αδη
Ηλυθον εις συγερη κοινον απασι τελος.

Αξυλον πολεμω πεφνεν κρατερος Διομηδης
Αξυλη δε φονευς κ' αυτος επειτα θανεν.
Αφνεος αλλος ην, χρηστος, φιλος ανθρωποισιν
Τω δ' αλλω καλον Παλλας εδωκε κλεος.

Ειπε γερων Σαμιος, "ψυχη τρια σωματ' εδυνε
Ημετερη," τριτατον θεσχατον ευρεβιον.
Εστι γαρ εστι σοφω καιμη σοφω ημαρ αναγκης
Μοιρα δ' ομως δεχεται και Σαμιον και εμε.

RUGBIENSIS.

A FAMILIAR AND DESCRIPTIVE TALE.

(Continued from Page 90.)

I NOW in easy verse pursue
What at the Dean's came next in view ;
Where, strange to tell, I chanc'd to meet
A kind of Opposition treat :
For Sheridan, the wit, and Rose,
Did part the company compose ;
With Canning, Perceval, and More,
Who kept the table in a roar ;
With other wits, and Ladies too,
('Twould take up time to name them thro',)
Which to my friend I did report,
Who instant made me this retort :—

FRIEND.—Why sure, where Ladies did preside,
All politics were laid aside:
For why should women interfere,
In what's so foreign to their sphere?

AUTHOR.—Indeed you never were more wrong,
For loudest was the female tongue;
And each their party did maintain
In free and animated strain;
Yet still good humour kept its place,
And gave the chat a pleasing grace,
Till cards and tea their summons sent,
To which, for one, I instant went,
Preferring, as a thing divine,
The chat of women to my wine.
But what, grave Counsel, will you say,
When all was chang'd to deepest play
(And at a Dean's, a man so grave!
But Fashion makes the world it's slave?)
And, ere the busy night was o'er,
Many had lost a dreadful score;
Till passion had so chang'd the fair,
Their charms were sunk in deep despair.
Shock'd at a sight so truly new,
I join'd the Dean's remaining few;
For some, alas! had made retreat,
When I resum'd my former seat:
Where still facetious wit, I found,
By wine inspir'd, was flashing round;
And only wish you had been there,
T' enjoy this truly Attic fare.

FRIEND.—I thank you, but I wish you'd tell
Which of the party bore the bell:
Whether the wit, or gent'ler Rose,
Did best their arguments impose;

For both have talents, there's no doubt,
But vary—as they're in or out;
And often adverse in debate,
As things go right or wrong in State.
There was a man most aptly fit
To rule us well, and that was PITT.
Another such, where shall we find him?
He's gone—nor left his like behind him.

FRIEND.—Perhaps you think too deeply, Sir,
And thence conclusively infer,
Amongst our Ministers of State
There's none of equal kind or weight
To meet the cruel tyrant's scourge
But, with your leave, I this will urge,
That our stout ship will brave the storm,
If all their duty well perform.
For what can check (but hand Divine)
If British hearts but keep the Line,
And to one Point—their efforts join.

[*To be continued.*]

TO A LADY,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER SOME VERSES INDICATING DISTRESS.

O could I lead to thy caress,
The fleeting form of happiness;
Or, o'er thy throbbing bosom throw,
A lenient balm for ev'ry woe;—
Mary? no more thy breast should rise,
Save but to Pleasure's extacies!
But transient as the breeze that blows
O'er the sweet bosom of the rose,

Is she, the nymph thou fain would'st woo,
Whom *few* can find, whom *all* pursue:
For I, like thee, have felt the stings
Sharp disappointment ever brings;
Like thee have pray'd my path to bless
The passing shade of Happiness!
I sought her 'midst the harmonious choir,
And found her fraught with tuneful fire;
Found all Apollo e'er could blend,
In man, in poet, or in friend:
But when from Pleasure's trance I woke,
My friend was dead, his lyre was broke!
I sought her there where most she charms,
In woman's fascinating arms;
But quickly found how soon she dies
In Beauty's passion-streaming eyes;
For, ah! she only spurn'd my pray'r,
She only left me to despair;
Left me to shew, in painful theme,
How all my hopes were but a dream!
I trac'd her down the giddy throng,
Where Folly's vot'ries flaunt along;
But, while she promis'd bliss and fame,
She only led them on to shame!
I trac'd her where, in rural spot,
'*Tis said* she dwells in tranquil cot;
But, ah! what ghastly griefs were there!
Oppression, Penury, and Care!
Then let us hail the quiet gloom,
The peaceful slumber, of the tomb!
The hopes that in the bosom rise,
That point to bliss beyond the skies;
That whisper kind, in Wisdom's ear,
"Seek not the beauteous spectre here!"

G. F.

REMARKABLE SONG,

PROPHETIC OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I transmit you for insertion in your entertaining work, if you deem it worthy of a place, the following curious production, which I lately met with. Among all the predictions of the French Revolution, many of which were never heard of till after the occurrence of the circumstances to which they allude, this piece seems to deserve particular attention, as it may be found in several *almanachs* printed ten or twelve years previous to the commencement of that explosion. So correct is the view here given of its principal features, that the reader would be disposed to consider it rather the description of a past, than the anticipation of a future event. Perhaps, if you think fit to introduce it, some of your ingenious Correspondents may feel inclined to exercise their talents upon a metrical translation, which I should be happy to see.

Yours, &c.

Z.

VIVENT tous nos beaux esprits,
Encyclopédistes,
Du bonheur François épris,
Grands Oeconomistes ;
Par leurs soins au tems d'Adam
Nous reviendrons, c'est leur plan,
Momus les assiste,
O gai!
Momus les assiste.

Ce n'est pas de nos bouquins
Que vient leur science,
En eux ces fiers paladins
Ont la sapience;
Les *Colberts* et les *Sully*
Nous paraissent grands, mais, si!
Ce n'est qu'ignorance
O gai!
Ce n'est qu'ignorance!

On verra tous les états
Entre eux se confondre,
Les pauvres sur leurs grabats
Ne plus se morfondre ;
Des biens on fera des lots,
Qui rendront les gens égaux ;
Le bel oeuf à pondre
O gai !
Le bel oeuf à pondre.

Du même pas marcheront
Noblesse et *roture ;*
Les Français retourneront
Au droit de nature ;
Adieu Parlement et Loix
Ducs et grands Seigneurs et Rois
La bonne aventure,
O gai !
La bonne aventure.

Puis devenus vertueux,
Par philosophie,
Les Français auront des dieux
A leur fantaisie ;
Nous reverrons un oignon
A Jésus damer le pion ;
Ah quelle harmonie
O gai !
Ah quelle harmonie.

Alors d'amour sûreté,
Entre soeurs et frères ;
Sacrement et parenté
Seront des chimères :

Chaque père imitera
Lot, au jour qu'il s'enivra.
Liberté plénière
O gai !
Liberte plénière.

Plus de moines langoureux,
De plaintives nonnes ;
Au lieu d'adresser aux cieux
Matines et nones.
On verra ces malheureux
Danser, abjurant leurs voeux,
Galante chaconne
O gai !
Galante chaconne.

Partisans des novations,
La fine sequelle
La France des nations
Sera le modèle !
Et cet honneur nous devrons
A *Turgot et compagnons*
Besogne immortelle
O gai !
Besogne immortelle.

A qui devrons nous le plus ?
C'est à notre maître,
Qui se croyant un abus,
Ne voudra plus l'être !
Ah qu'il faut aimer le bien,
Pour de roi n'être plus rien :
J'enverrois tout paître
O gai !
J'enverrois tout paître.

HORACE, *Book I. Ode* 15.

THE PROPHECY.

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus, &c.

When faithless Paris Helen bore
To Ilion, o'er the swelling main,
Sage Nereus, skill'd in future lore,
Thus sung their fates in awful strain:
He smooth'd the billows of the rolling deep,
And hush'd the prosp'rous gales t' unwelcome sleep:—

"Wo! wo! to the unhappy land
To which thou bear'st that beauteous dame!
Full many a well-arm'd Grecian band
Her at your city's walls shall claim—
Shall snatch the crown from Priam's hoary brows,
And rend with vengeful steel your impious vows!

"Alas! for men and steeds what toil!
For Troy what endless wo you store!
Chariots shall plough the fruitful soil,
And swords shall drench the plains with gore.
Pallas assumes her spear and blood-stain'd shield,
And mounts her chariot for the fated field.

"Bold but thro' Venus' guardian care,
In vain thou'lt touch thy love-sick lyre;
Or bind in curls thy golden hair,
For simple maidens to admire;
Or, on a couch of dewy roses lie,
In vain shall heave thy breast the swelling sigh.

" Thou can'st not shun the sounding spear
That bears thy well-deserved fate;
Nor strive the battle not to hear;
Nor fly fierce Ajax' vengeful hate:
Thy mangled form shall press the reeking shore,
Thy graceful locks besmear'd with dust and gore!

" The valiant Teucer dost thou not behold,
And Salaminius eager stand
With Nestor wise, Ulyssus bold,
Destroyers of thy hapless land?
See Sthenelus his uprais'd jav'lin wield,
And hunt thee flying from the destin'd field.

" There fierce Merione, in armour bright,
With light'ning eyes, and heart on fire—
Tydides, panting for the fight,
E'en greater than his noble sire—
Dauntless he roves, and searches ev'ry way,
To seize and trample on his coward prey.

" As when a hart a lion sees,
Prowling perchance across the vale,
Swiftly it flies with tremb'ling knees,
And quits its pasture in the dale:
So thou from bold Tydides wing'st thy flight,
Breathless and pale, and panting with affright.

" Achilles' rage shall for a time delay
The destin'd fall of Priam's Troy—
At length must come that fatal day,
Which all its glory must destroy;
When Grecian fire shall ev'ry trace confound,
And raze its stately temples to the ground."

Hatton-Garden, May 14, 1809. J. P. C.

EXTEMPORE,

ON BEING INTRODUCED TO A VERY PRETTY SILLY WOMAN.

I CAME, I saw, and felt the pointed dart,
Which wanton Cupid levell'd at my heart;
But, kinder still, he soon remov'd my pain,
For when she spoke—"I was myself again."
Such Novels, Plays, Romances, fill'd her mind,
She seem'd for nothing but for fools design'd;
And such there are in Bond-street, and elsewhere,
Whose *depth of learning* suits her to a hair.
To them I leave this pretty silly thing
T' enjoy her nonsense in its fullest swing;
For one less fair, with virtue in her mind,
Gives life's best joys, and blessings undefin'd.

Lambeth-Road.

SONG.

BENEATH the smile that decks my mouth,
And sparkles in my eye,
There lurks a pain I try to hide,
Yet never can deny.

In early life, within my breast
So deep it took a place,
That all the various scenes I've pass'd
Could ne'er the pang erase.

Tho' Prudence for a while forbad
My mind to look that way,
And circumstances chain'd my thoughts,
Yet often would they stray.

And when affliction press'd me hard,
And hope almost was gone,
A transient gleam of long-lost joy
For suffering could atone.

Oft when, my heart with grief would swell,
And sorrow fill my breast,
Then would Remembrance take my part,
And sooth me into rest.

For, oh! Remembrance taught my mind
On a lov'd name to dwell;
And Recollection, sometimes kind,
Of happy hours would tell:

Of hours where Innocence and Joy
Could rest with sweet delight;
And Fancy, on enraptur'd wing,
Survey'd the vision bright.

ARENA.

THE WIDOW'S REFLECTION,

Having a Miniature of her Husband in one Hand, and her infant Babe in the other.

WHERE are those lips which kiss'd so sweet,
Those eyes which shone so bright?
For ever left me to regret,
And mourn their ravish'd sight.

Then come, sweet Patience, to my aid,
And heal the sorrowing heart
Of one a sudden widow made,
By Death's unerring dart.

My infant too! sweet pledge of love,
How shall I sooth thy mind,
As you in rip'ning years improve,
And no fond parent find?

My soul's distracted at the thought,
And yet 'tis Heaven's decree;
I'll therefore arm me as I ought,
And bear it with humility.

L—— Road.

DEATHS.

MAY 29, 1809.

Moy Thomas, of Bearbinder-lane,
Who in this life's a debtor *,
Left this vile mortal scene of pain,
In hopes to see a better.

But now he's number'd with the dead—
May peace his ashes moulder;
An honest lawyer's life he led,
And would, had he liv'd longer.

Enough; nor is it thine to tell,
Rash Muse! how he departed:
The bell toll'd out his last farewel,
And he dy'd broken-hearted.

MAY 30.

Old Time, with trav'ling out of breath,
Call'd in to see his servant, Death,
And bade him, ere he'd further go,
To stop and visit Walthamstow.
The grisly king the sire obey'd,
And thus to David Barclay † said:—
"Thy race is run; 'tis Time's decree
That thou should'st come along with me."
The mortal man knew what he meant,
And straightway to his closet went,
His heart well fraught with hope replete
In Heav'n to gain a happier seat.
'Tis vanity in man to think
That Death will stop when on life's brink:
His glass run out, Death journey'd on,—
Of years he liv'd near eighty-one.

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* He very recently failed, which, it is supposed, in some measure hastened his dissolution.

† The last grandson of Robert Barclay, of Urie, who wrote the celebrated Apology for the People called Quakers.